

Children's Newspaper, July 26, 1941

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

Stuarts, Bourbons, Bonapartes, & Co

MORAL forces decide the strength and weakness of constitutional contrivance. The hunger for breakfast and dinner has not been the master impulse in the history of civilised communities. Selfish and interested individualism has been truly called non-historic.

Sacrifice has been the law—sacrifice for creeds, for churches, for kings, for dynasties, for adored teachers, for native land. In England and America today the kind of devotion that once inspired followers of Stuarts, Bourbons, Bonapartes, marks a nobler and a deeper passion for the self-governing Commonwealth. Lord Morley

THE DEVIL'S FAIRY TALE

ONCE upon a time a baby was born with a grudge against the world. He was short of breath. It seemed that for this little speck of life there would be but a little speck of time. Then somebody had an idea which must have seemed an odd one to those who stood by; he took the breathless child, held it upside down, and beat life into it. It may be said that the poor thing was kicked into the world.

A queer thing is life, for the child grew up in spite of its name, which was to be Adolf Schickelgruber, and today it may be said of this baby, saved from suffocation by beating life into it, that the civilised world has one desire from morning till night—to beat the life out of it.

Into the World by Force

He was brought into the world by Force, and has challenged the force of all nations to drive him out of it. Then it would have been so simple; now it is like moving the Matterhorn.

We must imagine that a man kicked into the world has a grudge against Life. In any case a man kicked into the world with the name of Schickelgruber would have a grudge. Adolf grew up to tramp the streets and beg his bread and to be afraid when he became a soldier; and then there came upon him a wild dream to pay the world back. *He would smash it to pieces.*

He changed his name, for he needed seventy million slaves, and who would follow a leader with such a name as his? So Adolf Schickelgruber passed out and Adolf Hitler came in. He was an Austrian, and Austria, poor battered shadow of the past, had been stricken and ruined by the Germans, who have never yet been able to live quietly with a neighbour. He would smash Germany first, because Germany had destroyed his own land. He would lie to them. To destroy them he would tell them he would save them.

HE found them outcasts in Europe, languishing in self-inflicted misery, tasting the bitterness they inflicted on mankind in their last Great War. He got a few of them round him in a beer cellar. He shouted and fired pistols. He declared himself their great Messiah, and though the Germans flung him into prison he wrote a book declaring that they were only sheep, and soon they followed him, driven sheep and slaves. He bound them in the invisible chains of men who cannot act of their own free will, who dare not speak their thoughts, who do not know the truth.

The Destroyer of Germany

He cut them off from the world. He harnessed their energies to destruction. He rifled their pockets and robbed their banks and emptied their cupboards. He robbed their children of health and gave them disease. He stopped their papers, burned their books, and silenced their pulpits. He burned down their Parliament. He filled their streets with spies. He threw whoever he did not like into a torture camp. He stopped the teaching of truth in schools and taught the children hate. He reversed the First Commandment and declared that Germany should have no other God but him. They must salute him all day long. When they met to say Good-Morning it must be *Heil Hitler, Good-Morning. Good-Morning, Heil Hitler.*

Now, with his seventy million slaves, he could begin to smash the world to pieces. Germany he had broken. The great State which had had a proud dignity among the nations was no more.

Its power was in the hands of Adolf Hitler's Gang. They had gagged the watchmen and stolen the keys and rifled the safe; the rest was easy.

He would begin with their small neighbours. He would crush them with tanks and bomb them with planes. Wilbur Wright's idea of the plane had been that it should bring peace to the world; the Hitler idea was that it should smash Europe to bits. He would bomb the sleeping peoples in their beds, the mothers with their babies, the sick in the hospitals, the men at their work, the children in the schools, the congregations in the churches, old folk picking blackberries. He would terrify them till they fled from their homes and then bomb them on the roads.

OTHER warriors had been stupid. They had fought against strong men with equal weapons. They had given the other side a chance. He would fight the helpless and the weak and crush the

spirit out of them. He would grind them to pieces and stupefy the world by his conquests. He would make friends with them till his time had come and then suddenly beat them down. Nothing could resist him. They would be like the man who was paralysed by the snake creeping up to destroy him. His plan would work because nobody would believe it.

Nobody *would* believe that anybody could do the things that he would do. Half the peoples would be asleep and half would be afraid. Who would believe that there could ever be a war on the ordinary helpless people of the world? Who would dream that in these days men would fly in the sky and drop bombs anywhere? Who would think that a whole nation could forget its past and become inhuman, creeping like the crocodile, leaping like the tiger, poisoning like the snake? Who would believe there could be a nation of people without a spark of pity or a sense of justice or a touch of mercy in them?

Nobody Would Believe It

The fact that nobody would believe it would make anything possible, and all his eight years scheming would come true. He had mountains of shells and bombs, hundreds of miles of tanks, and devices of death that no man in civilised countries could have thought of. He could strangle whole nations and trample down people like flies. He would leave no stone standing in all the world's Jerusalems. He would fill the earth with plague and fire and terror. He would let devils loose in the sky by night and day. He would choke the streets with ruin and strew the fields with dead.

WHAT were lives to him, with millions at his mercy?

What were a million German sheep following each other to the slaughterhouse? What was all this stuff about the world that he did not like, these things men had been piling up for many generations—idols in iron and wood and stone? Why let them cumber the ground for century after century filling men's minds with a silly love of calm and beauty, when the only true thing was Force; the power of the Strong, the spirit of the Brute, the whip and the hoof and the claw? Why let all these libraries grow up, filling men's heads with liberty and mad ideas of breaking tyranny down? Burn the books. Stifle this talk by force.

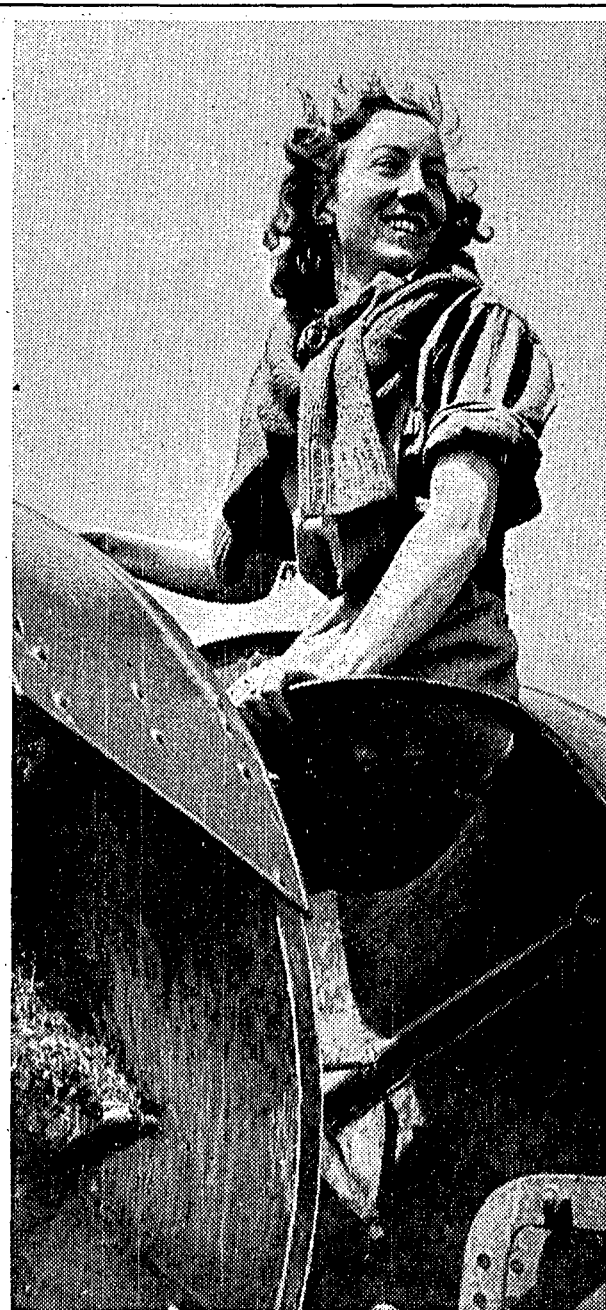
It is all like the Devil's Fairy Tale, but unlike Hans Andersen's fairy tales it has come true. It has come true because nobody believed it could.

So Far and No Farther

And yet it has come true so far and no farther. A dozen countries the Gangster has enslaved, with men falling dead and maimed in multitudes while he hides in safe places; but fate has brought him to the gates of doom, the Gates of Freedom at which the watchmen of the Anglo-Saxon Race stand calm and still. With them are the vast numbers of patient, enduring peoples in All the Russias; the five hundred million people of China who would rather die than bow the knee; the honest people of every little land on earth; the hundred million suffering peoples in the tyrant's wilderness, robbed and starved and beaten but abiding their hour.

IT will come. It is coming. For every man with Hitler in the world are ten against him, and there is no power beneath the sun that can save him from the fate that befalls all pestilential things.

Arthur Mee



Land Girl

In the driving seat of a tractor engaged in ploughing for autumn cropping on the Sussex Downs

THE THREE PILLARS OF CIVILISATION

A Solid Block of One-Third of Mankind

WHEN Hitler attacked Russia he added to his enemies the third most numerous group of nations in the world, 180 millions strong. The British Empire with 500 millions, and China, 500 millions, alone exceed Russia's figure, while America comes fourth with 130 millions. So, out of the world's population of 2200 millions, more than half are ranged against the Maniac of Berlin.

China is engaged in fighting an enemy at her gate, but the 800 millions of the British Empire, America, and Russia cannot fail to overwhelm the Nazi and Fascist nations with their 120 millions. They are together a solid block of one-third of all mankind.

The British Empire and America have between them not only the two biggest fleets in the world, but also an immense merchant marine with hundreds of well-equipped docks and shipbuilding establishments which will soon strengthen Allied sea-power more rapidly than the enemy can reduce it.

Our Mighty Effort

Of what this little island alone can accomplish we have had ample proof in the new equipment of the Army which lost all its equipment, guns, and vehicles in the retreat to Dunkirk, and of the Air Force whose losses were almost as severe. In those few weeks our factories were also building sufficient planes to enable our airmen to win the Battle of Britain.

But from the beginning of the war our Dominions, India, and the Colonies have also adapted existing industries and constructed new ones to equip the hundreds of thousands of their own young men who are standing side by side with those from the Motherland. India has made herself responsible for the campaigns in the Middle East; South Africa's efforts have been crowned by the conquest of Abyssinia and Italy's older and stronger territory of Eritrea; Canada is building ships, planes, tanks, and every type of munitions, utilising to the full the water-power which is a never-failing source of energy; even little Hong Kong is building in her shipyards half a score of big merchantmen.

Infinite Resources

And all the time the energies of the United States are on our side, and the taking over of Iceland has reduced the drain on our own Forces.

The material resources of the British Empire are infinite, and Germany was only able to begin the war by stocking herself with nickel from Canada, rubber from Malaya, and so on. But now that America and Russia are ranged against the troubler of the world nothing is lacking for the ultimate destruction of his hosts, whether on land or sea or in the air.

America has by far the biggest output of oil in the world (two-thirds of it all), while Russia comes next. America produces twice as much steel a year as Germany does, while Russia is now producing three-quarters

of Germany's output, so that even if the Nazis can enlist the steel resources of all the countries they have overrun they will still produce only half of what the Allies are producing.

Russia, too, is only at the beginning of her development in oil, steel, and other materials essential in war. From an agricultural country she has in the past 30 years become a great industrial power, and has not diminished her farm or forest produce in the process. In 1913 Russia's industrial production was 40 per cent of the total industrial output of the world; today it is about twice that.

There is one important factor to be remembered in estimating Russia's strength, and this is that European Russia is not all Russia. Beyond the Urals are vast resources which have hardly been tapped; while in Turkestan there is a region in which the ancient wealth of the East is again being exploited, irrigation bringing fertility to the soil, railways making its republics accessible to the rest of Russia, and trade being developed with Iran to the south, which is itself making vast progress.

Victory in Syria

It is probably through Iran that we shall hope to establish contact with our new and strong ally, unless, indeed, our friend Turkey decides to become a link between Syria, so brilliantly won by our forces, and Russia. Whatever happens, Hitler will soon have to realise that Russia's "depth of defence" is only limited by her width, which extends to Vladivostok, and this seaport is over twelve times farther east than Moscow, which proved the undoing of Napoleon.

Hitler has now his war on two fronts, and is fighting allies who have pledged themselves to support each other to the end, and all the world realises that, whatever terrible blows he may strike for a time, he cannot possibly win with the combination of world powers now ranged against him.

The Good Neighbours

One of the happiest people at Temperley in Cheshire is surely Mrs Emmott. Thinking she would like to do something for the war effort she got 21 neighbours together and formed a Good Neighbours Committee to raise £300 to cover the cost of an ambulance. She estimated it would take them a month or five weeks to raise it, but in three days the Good Neighbours raised £1240, and are still going strong.

This Way to the Brontë House

Yorkshire has added a lovely piece of craftsmanship to its village signs. It is at the home of the Brontës and is worthy of this distinction.

We come to the Brontë house up the stony little hill which is no more "a little and a lone green lane, that opened on a common wide," as Emily wrote; but it has now hanging over the



pavement a sign that draws us to it.

It is a silhouette, such as was fashionable in the Brontë days, and is a fine piece of craftsmanship by Herbert Scarborough, the village blacksmith, designed by the Curator of the Museum, Harold Mitchell. It shows Charlotte writing with a quill pen, and the table she writes on, the chair she sits in, the little desk on the table, the lamp, and the inkwell are all copied from the originals within the Brontë house. It is one of the best village signs in England.

Vichy Quislings

The terrible reaction of Vichy from the kindly, tolerant, and liberal spirit of the French as a nation is shown in the recent edict of Marshal Pétain excluding Jews from wide fields of occupation in France.

The French have always known that there existed a difference between justice and military justice, and the Marshal is, of course, an army man.

The Dreyfus Trial in 1894 was based on the crusade against Jews in the French Army. It shook opinion in France to its foundations and shocked all civilisation, and it took twelve years for Dreyfus to be exonerated and reinstated in the Army—in time to serve with honour in the Great War.

Crafts of Other Days

Writing of Dorsetshire, a correspondent tells of a widespread revival of village industries, a result of wartime conditions.

The older folk who remember what used to be done have filled the younger people with enthusiasm. Basket-making, weaving, glove-making, pottery, leather work are among the skilled handicrafts to be seen in operation. The value is considerable, but the interest in life thus given to a rural population is worth far more.

THINGS SEEN

On a Yorkshire doorway:

Troops are welcome in this garden.

A blind man running to summon the Bath fire brigade.

In a Harrogate shop:

We've nowt of owt worth owt.

LITTLE NEWS REELS

THE vicar of Folkestone has received five shillings from two soldiers "as a token of our appreciation of the spirit of friendship we have received while attending your church."

It is believed that the wreckage has been found of a British frigate sunk near Philadelphia in 1777 with over £250,000 in gold.

The Old Bailey has been burgled, the thieves having carried off cigars belonging to the aldermen and sheriffs of the City.

SLOGAN of Southend War Weapons Week: "Give freely to live freely."

A man charged with stealing a shirt has been fined—7 coupons.

A judge in court the other day, hearing of hitch-hiking, asked if it was the same as lorry-hopping.

THE first aeroplane made in India has lately been handed over to the Government.

Elizabeth Taylor and George Howard have worked together in the same cotton mill for 52 years, both having started work in the last of the bad old days for 4s a week.

During the last few weeks Lancashire and Yorkshire collieries have received more foreign orders for coal than for many years past.

Every time there is a bit of good news Lancashire receives more orders for cloth.

THE Minister of Supply has received £10,000 from the Nuffield factories to purchase a tank to be named Nuffield Crusader.

Scout and Guide News Reel

NORTHUMBERLAND Scouts have arranged with the Ministry of Food and with local food officers and Women's Institutes, to collect blackberries in the autumn.

Twenty Birmingham Rangers are to act as A R P cyclist messengers during air raids.

Having raised £300, Bristol Guides have bought a Mobile Canteen and presented it to the local fire services.

Wolf Cub Packs in Leeds are carrying on with enthusiasm in spite of the fact that more than three-quarters of their headquarters have been lost through enemy action or otherwise.

They Who Go Down to the Darkness in Pits

NEXT to the Service man, whether his service be in the Navy, Army, or Air Force, there are a number of particularly arduous and dangerous trades whose members play a very honourable part in the war.

First are the merchant sailors, of whom thousands will have given their lives before this war is ended, to say nothing of the fact that in time of peace they follow a still dangerous trade who go down to the sea in ships.

Then there are the miners, and many of those who work in certain departments of the iron and steel industry; of these the miners form a veritable army facing, day by day, in peace and in war, perils which normally kill a thousand men every year and seriously wound thousands more.

The miner's work is specially exhausting, sufficiently so for the normal five shifts a week of peace time. Now the miner is asked to enlarge his bit by working six shifts, which often means 50

THE Prime Minister of Poland has now sent 3000 guineas to the Lord Mayor towards the cost of rebuilding the Guildhall.

One of our crippled bombers catching fire, the pilot climbed on to the wing to try to put it out at a height of 13,000 feet.

People of the Colonies have provided 90 per cent of the mobile canteens now operating in heavily bombed areas.

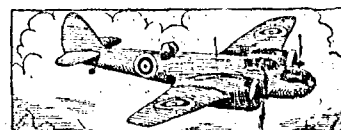
A WRECKED pilot was found in the Channel sitting in his rubber dinghy with a Bible in his hands and singing psalms.

£300,000 was derived from London's 26 street collections last year, the highest amount since 1919.

The L M S Railway is continuing its wartime policy of allowing farmers to cut the hay crops growing on railway embankments.

ABOUT 200 salmon weighing 170 lbs have been caught by three men at Amble in Northumberland.

A pilot of the R A F has sent £1000 to the London Air Raid Distress Fund as a thankoffering for a miraculous escape.



The building of a big aircraft needs 75,000 hours of labour, equaling one man's normal work for 25 years.

Seven eggs in one day is the record of a two-year-old Black Minorca hen belonging to a Yorkshire farmer at South Elmsall.

Shelters for 64 men have been provided by Scouts at their camping ground at Halifax, Montreal, where British seamen can enjoy 48-hour rest periods. Last year 500 sailors used the camping ground.

OF Kathleen Donovan, a Londonderry Guide who did splendid work during a raid, the Chief A R P Officer said that her conduct was exemplary and her courage and initiative a very good example to others.

Thirty old Scouts now in Canada under the Empire Air Training Plan have formed a new Troop in Montreal—Number 1 Wireless Scout Troop, the first of its kind in the Scout Movement.

additional days a year. He needs and is accustomed to a special diet, and a well-known coal-owner, Sir Francis Joseph, pleads for better recognition of the miner's position. He says that to give a miner a guaranteed week and a bonus each shift if he works every day the pit is open is not enough; if we ask and plead for more work we should remember the exhausting character of the labour and the need to sustain the physical framework of those who answer the call.

Lord Woolton, the Minister of Food, is anxious that more should be done, and has already approached the Miners Welfare Commission in an endeavour to extend industrial catering facilities to miners. He suggests pit-head canteens where the men will be able to buy available food to take down the pit, and a bowl of hot soup. The Minister promises that if the coalowners will provide facilities he will see that they get the food.

Free For All

AN English friend in America sends us an amusing story about an effort of the dwindling band of Isolationists there.

For some time a Peace Mobilisation Society had been picketing the sidewalks round the White House carrying banners with various legends; and as this was rather too much for the patience of passing mafines and soldiers incidents followed, till finally the President himself told the marines to leave them alone as quite harmless and effecting nothing.

Then some young men started a rival picket with new banners,

such as Defence for America, and Freedom for Democracy. These were much more popular, and passers-by and business men joined their ranks. A newspaper man on the spot went to the nearest policeman and asked what he was going to do about the rival factions, and the policeman replied with magnificent calm: "The sidewalks here are wide. Twenty people can stand in line without obstructing the traffic, and I can let the picketers stand ten deep and the anti-picketers ten deep. It's a free country—as long as the traffic is not obstructed."

THE SECRET JUNGLE

Thousands of people have been clearing lumber-rooms, and many are the strange finds recorded, but none stranger, we think, than that of a CN reader.

Tiptoeing uneasily about in the gloom beneath the tiles, he found himself caught and arrested by many growths, some of which were from eight to ten feet long, thick and vigorous, but weirdly white. He discovered that an outdoor creeper had penetrated the roof in a score of places, and, growing on and on, had bleached in the darkness and formed a sort of jungle.

BLACK AND WHITE

A CN friend at Bideford in Devon sends us a note saying that she was sitting in a field 50 yards from a farm when she noticed a crow flying with something white in its beak. It settled on the grass 20 yards away and dropped the white thing on the ground, proceeding to peck it. It proved to be a hen's egg, and there the crow sat enjoying a good meal without coupons.

The New Philosopher's Stone

THE 20th-century Philosopher's Stone is a rare metal, Uranium 235, so named and numbered to distinguish it from the ordinary and by no means rare uranium, which is heavier. By means of it our modern alchemists do not seek to make gold but to find power which would confer on mankind illimitable riches.

Such power is at present locked up inaccessible in the atoms of the metal. But Uranium 235, when once its atoms are exploded, appears to go on

exploding by itself, producing spontaneously power from nowhere—and for nothing.

Expectations ran high when this was manifested two years ago, but then the process ran down as mysteriously as it began, and, what was equally baffling, the supply of Uranium 235, always extremely rare, ran out. It is now announced that a way has been found to separate it from the parent metal, and the never-ending search can begin again.

DOVEDALE FILM

A colour film of the beautiful Dovedale Valley, domain of the National Trust has just been taken by the Strand Films, showing the charm of the Derbyshire countryside and its inhabitants, for the British Council. The Council, which exists to foster an understanding of English art and beauty abroad, sponsors these films, which will be seen and appreciated in America and the Colonies.

The film seeks to do on the screen something of what the King's England volumes do in book form—to convey an impression of the wonder and beauty and history of our matchless countryside.

A WORD FOR US

"... Nor must it be forgotten to have a special section in the school library for USA books, and for some American counterpart (if there is such) to our own incomparable Children's Newspaper."

J. Lewis Paton, late High Master of Manchester Grammar School, in the Journal of Education.

Still They Come

Some of the men who have come across the Atlantic to join us have had strange adventures in getting here. The youngest is a bugler with the Canadians. He is only 16. His father came first and was lost at Dunkirk, so the boy came to take his place.

Another American youngster stowed away in a British ship. After two days he gave himself up and told his story to the captain, who not only forgave him but gave him a place in the mess-room. But when he arrived in England it was at the time when the Army was recruiting British subjects only. In vain he protested that he was English-born, for his accent betrayed him. So he went to Yorkshire to acquire an English accent. It worked, and he is now in the Air Force.

WAR ON THE BATHURST BURR

The farmers in the Darling Downs district of New South Wales have been making war on Bathurst burrs for years, and so there was much interest the other day when Mr H. D. Riddle of Killarney told his experience of the amazing fertility of this weed.

For 20 years the weed had been kept cut on Mount Russell Station, and when its owner died in 1904 and the Government bought the property, cut it up, and resold it, Mr Riddle was one of many to break up these virgin black soil flats. Wherever the ploughing was done the burrs came up as thick as any wheat crop, so thick that they had to mow them off, and it was impossible to get horses to work through them until their legs were sewn up in several thicknesses of bagging. All farms ploughed were the same. The rest of the country remained free.

THE EDITOR'S FORTUNE

The editor of a country newspaper in America moved to a big city not long ago, retiring with 100,000 dollars. Asked for the secret of his success he replied:

"I attribute my ability to retire with a 100,000-dollar balance, after thirty years in the country newspaper field, to close application to duty, pursuing a policy of strict honesty, always practising rigorous rules of economy, and to the recent death of my uncle, who left me 99,999 dollars and 95 cents."

Where the Birds Go

IN the woods the bird's song is ceasing and some of the songsters, the nightingale and the persistent cuckoo, have flown. Where do they go, and why do they come?

Some have returned to North Africa. The nightingale may have sought his home in Iran, and at no distant day North Egypt will receive some of our skylarks, lapwings, and even a few of our faithful robins. They came to us to nest and bring up their families, and for this they needed a longer day, one of

sufficient length to collect enough insect food for their nestlings.

That is a hard and full-time job, as anyone can see who watches the ceaseless swoopings to and fro of the starlings and the swallows. But, this duty done, the migrants southward fly to rest from their labours where the nights are not too short. The majority of these migrants are in our country for a few months only, and usually they leave us long before the supply of insect food is at an end.

SEEN ON A COUNTRY WALK

Dear Editor, Last week we were walking in the country, and as it was hot we rested, leaning against a gate. We saw a cow lying with its chin on the ground, like a dog, while a hen pecked the flies from the cow's face. This was an obvious act of friendship between these two only, for other hens were hovering near, but none ventured nearer than a foot away from the cow. Margaret Salmon, 13.

BIRD SENSE

A friend of the CN who has lived half a lifetime by the sea has solved the problem as to why gulls, which swarmed confidently about him in his garden and on the beach, would never approach within six feet of the house. They would feed from his hand in the open, and flock about him on the ground like poultry, so long as he kept clear of the house. The explanation, he now learns, is that the birds know that when near a building they cannot rise into the air; like an aeroplane, an eagle, or a martin, they must have freedom of air or the help of a height when about to soar, and so, no matter how hungry, they keep at a respectful distance from buildings.

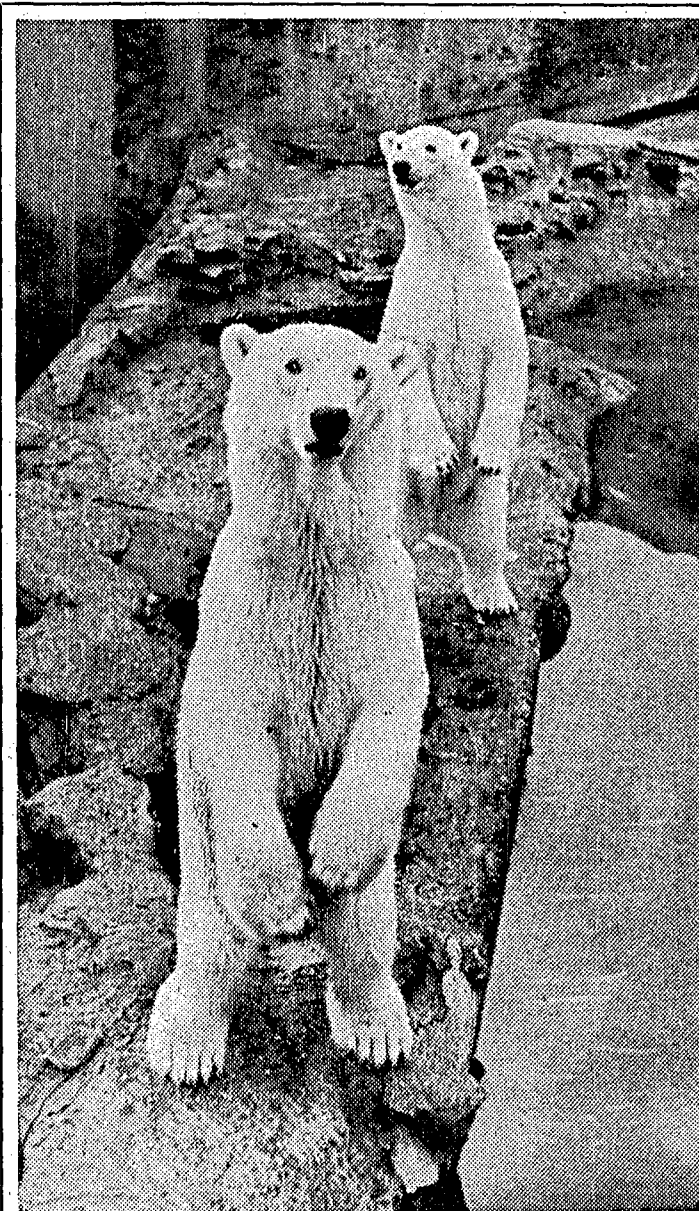
BREAKER OF BATTLESHIPS

Dr Joseph Ward has passed on at his home in Sheffield at the age of 75. He will long be famous as the buyer of obsolete battle fleets.

At 13 he collected insurance money. Then he joined his brother in a coal business in a back street, and soon they began to buy scrap metal. As business grew they eliminated competition by buying up other scrap-metal concerns. Adopting the motto "Think big," they next bought up collieries, steelworks, cement works, quarries, quays, and docks. Thus the back-street business began to control millions. Dr Ward bought, in one deal, 115 old warships from the Government, costing more than £500,000; he also bought 1000 old tanks and 180 miles of oil pipeline, yielding 9000 tons of scrap. It was he who bought the old Mauretania.

OLD LETTERS

The new practice of using old envelopes would not have seemed strange to our ancestors, who practised rigid economy with stationery. Pope delighted to write his poems on the back of letters, so saving, as Dr Johnson scornfully remarked, perhaps five shillings in five years. Correspondence was the staple for spills in many a literary household where matches were scarce. Millamant, heroine of the most famous of the Restoration dramas, confessed that she used her letters to pin up her hair.



Two friends from the Far North at the London Zoo

MORE FARTHING

Although earnings are higher there is a greater call for farthings, and the Mint is busy turning them out. Until the war developed these humble coins were despised and rejected; even drapers gave a packet of pins for a farthing's change, so scarce was the coin. Yet a generation since, when wages were lower, many a poor boy was glad to get a farthing to buy sweets.

VICTORY POTATOES

During the bombing of an English town some months ago a potato warehouse received a direct hit. A pile of rubble amid a few twisted girders was all that remained. Somewhere under the debris, it seems, lay a few potatoes which escaped the savage onslaught, for new potato plants are growing finely in the plaster and dust.

THE WAR FOR SAVING LIFE

It is sad to think that Hitler is making war and destroying life, but good to know that wiser men are making war on death and preserving life.

One of these conquerors of today is Captain Collender, a South African engineer. With the help of Dr Dormer, chief of the Durban Tuberculosis Hospital, he has invented a wonderful lens which, by the aid of radiography, can peer into the lungs of men and women at the rate of 2000 a day. By means of this instrument, it is claimed, tuberculosis can be detected easily and certainly.

This is a great advance along the frontiers of disease, and means that we shall be able to drive back the enemy still farther.

July 26, 1941

The Children's

THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the journalism of the world



THE LAST SAYINGS OF JESUS

LITTLE children, yet a little while I am with you.

A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another.

Whither I go thou canst not follow me now, but thou shalt follow me afterwards.

Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.

And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am, there ye may be also. And whither I go ye know, and the way ye know. I am the way, and the truth and the life: no man cometh unto the Father but by me.

If ye shall ask anything in my name, I will do it.

If ye love me, keep my commandments; and I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever—even the Spirit of truth, whom the world cannot receive because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him: but ye know him, for he dwelleth with you, and shall be in you.

I will not leave you comfortless: I will come to you. Yet a little while and the world seeth me no more; but ye see me; because I live, ye shall live also.

Take heed that no man deceive you, for many shall come in my name, saying, I am Christ, and shall deceive many. And ye shall hear of wars and rumours of wars. See that ye be not troubled,

for all these things must come to pass, but the end is not yet. For nation shall rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom; and there shall be famines and pestilences and earthquakes in divers places; all these are the beginning of sorrows.

Then shall they deliver you up to be afflicted, and shall kill you, and ye shall be hated of all nations for my name's sake.

Settle it therefore in your hearts not to meditate before what ye shall answer; for I will give you a mouth and wisdom, which all your adversaries shall not be able to gainsay nor resist.

And ye shall be betrayed, both by parents and brethren, and kinsfolk and friends; and some of you shall they cause to be put to death; and ye shall be hated of all men for my name's sake.

But there shall not be a hair of your head perish. In your patience possess ye your souls.

And there shall be signs in the sun, and in the moon, and in the stars; and upon the earth distress of nations, with perplexity; the sea and the waves roaring, men's hearts failing them for fear, and for looking after those things which are coming on the earth, for the powers of heaven shall be shaken. And then shall they see the Son of Man coming in a cloud, with power and great glory.

And when these things begin to come to pass, then look up, and lift up your heads, for your redemption draweth nigh. Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away.

The Milk Habit

A STUDY of the use of milk in 12,000 homes scattered in 17 towns has been made for Oxford University.

Few of the homes seemed to drink milk. Two-thirds of the milk bought was found to be used for tea, coffee, and cocoa, or for cooking, 11 per cent in milk drinks, and the rest in breakfast foods and fruits.

It was also found that 16 per cent of the households spent less on food, as a whole, than is needed to sustain physical efficiency. Of the households with two children a quarter were below the efficiency line, and as the number of children in households increased the proportion of underfed families increased.

We see, therefore, how much has yet to be done to secure a full diet containing a proper proportion of the foods needed.

TRUE STORY

LOOKING round her room after the house had been bombed, a London lady found there a perfect copy of a book she had been waiting to get from the library. *It had been blown in through the window.*

Five-and-Seven Race

ONE of the lessons of the war has been that workers do more work in a six-day week than in a seven-day week, but apparently it depends on whether the workers are men or beavers.

We read that workmen, having been ordered to destroy a beavers' dam at Ellensburg in Washington State, found the little creatures working at high pressure against them. The men, under union rules, worked only five days a week, the beavers, working seven, *built up the dam quicker than the men could pull it down.*

To Democracy

THOU hast a charge to keep,
And thou wilt keep it;
Thou hast a precious field to reap,
And thou wilt reap it.

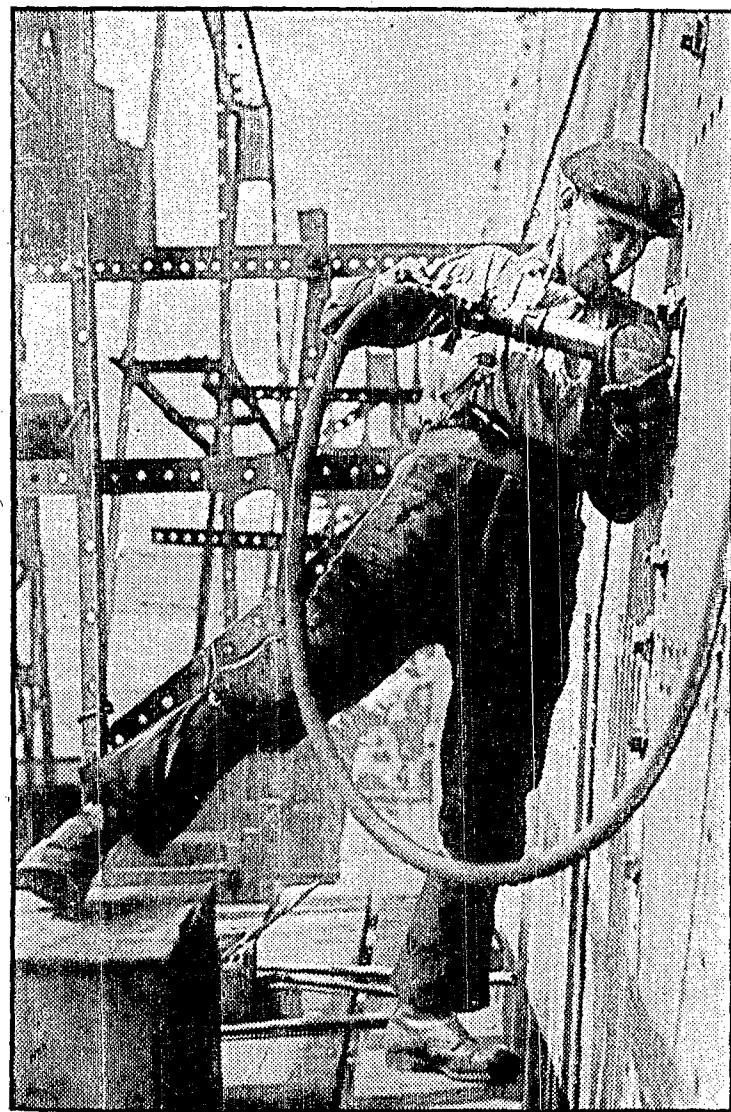
E'en though, at times, grim chaos would prevail
Thou dost stand fast, courageous, unafraid;
A challenge to the gods that war has made,
Steeped in a glory that can never fade—
Democracy, All hail!

AEIOU

PERHAPS the days have gone when the warnings of history have any effect on Dictators, but it may be worth while to call the attention of Messrs Hitler, Mussolini, and Company (Limited) to the boastful use a proud empire once made of the five vowels of the alphabet, AEIOU. They were the motto of the Austrian Empire, standing for Austriae Est Imperperae Orbi Universo. It was a little boastful even in those days, for it means "It is given to Austria to rule the whole world," and we wonder if Austria thinks of it sometimes today.

JUST AN IDEA

It doesn't matter how small a good deed is; it is always better than the grandest good intention.



Ships, More Ships

Our shipyard men are playing a vital part in the Battle of the Atlantic, replacing the ships lost by enemy action. Here is a skilled riveter working on the hull of a new vessel.

Judge and J P Complain WHAT ABOUT BLITZ?

A MAGISTRATE and a judge have been objecting to the use of the word Blitz in their courts on the ground that it is not English.

The C N yields to no one in its zeal for preserving the language from questionable intrusions, but in the case of Blitz we beg to inform His Worship and His Lordship that they are too late to prevent the German word from invading our shores.

The abbreviation of Blitzkrieg (lightning war) has been widely adopted as a handy expression for an intensive bombardment from the air, and because it looks and sounds right, and seems to fit the case, it will probably find its way into our dictionaries. Blitz is the man-made blizzard of fire and explosives, the superlative degree of air raid.

When a new word is needed for something new there is much to be said for adopting a crisp, expressive word, rather than several ponderous ones. Before tanks were actually used in the last war they were referred to as tanks to conceal their real purpose, and the name has persisted. Nowadays pedantic officials like to call them armoured fighting vehicles—many syllables for one!

In the last war, too, the Germans put on terrible scowls and solemnly sang their Hymn of Hate, Gott Strafe England; but the British Tommy was not impressed, and cheerfully adopted the word strafe for his own purposes—a heavy German

bombardment at dawn became Jerry's Morning Strafe.

In any case the magistrate and the judge who dislike the alien Blitz should remember that many of the words in our war dictionary have been imported from other languages. Perhaps this proves that our national genius is for peace rather than war. For example, there is nothing very English about such familiar words as communiqué, reconnaissance, corporal, sergeant, lieutenant, colonel, squadron, camouflage, and so on.

We think Blitz, like so many other words, will become English by force of popular usage, but we do not think the Germans will like the British Blitz. We are reminded of the Cockney news-vendor who chucked up:

Another R A F Cognising Raid.

The Light From the East

Sir Ronald Storrs, who has been Governor of Jerusalem and knows the Arabs well, has been reviewing the war in the Middle East, and one of his opinions is interesting. He declared that it was not inconceivable that an infamous and godless materialism might be broken on the sword of freedom wielded by the three great religions of the world, Judaism, Islam, and Christianity—and once more we may be able to say, "The light comes to us from the East."

Under the Editor's Table

THE Government has decided against sweeping changes in the Ministry of Information. Think it is not so dusty.

PEPPER is not worth the price the people are asked to pay. But the people are worth their salt.

SOMEONE has discovered that treacle is good for grass. Land-owners will stick to their property.

THERE are no short cuts in this war, says a speaker. Has he seen the hair of some of our A T S girls?

THE performance of a Shakespeare comedy went with a swing. The house rocked.

ONE has to go back to Cromwell's time to find an Intendant-General in our forces, says a writer. Can't be done.

Peter Puck Wants to Know



MANY tennis clubs don't know how to keep their grass down. Or their membership up.

A MAN says his hose won't reach to the foot of his garden. Yet it seems the right place for it.

THE fish scheme lays down maximum prices. But will it bring up the fish?

GIRL bus conductors must not make alterations in their uniform. Only drivers may change gear.

If jazz is anything to make a song about

What a Kind World It Is CANDIES FROM CANADA

An Army lorry drew up in front of a historic old school with a kingly name the other day, and out of it stepped a Canadian sergeant and a lance-corporal. They marched straight to the headmaster's house and to the study, where he sat at work.

The sergeant knocked and went in, and the rather astonished headmaster said, "Well, sergeant, what can I do for you?"

"I'm a Canadian," replied the sergeant, plunging into the matter at once, "and have been over here some time now. I know England, and the fact is I was very sorry to find that round about here, and elsewhere, English children can't get the sweets they want. Candies we call them in Canada. So I wrote some time ago to my wife over there to suggest that she get together a committee of ladies to go about to the munition factories with an idea.

"The idea was this," went on the sergeant. "They were to go to the munitions factory, and repose that with the next contingent of munitions, shells, or tanks, or engineering parts, they sent to Britain they should include a crate of candies labelled a gift of Canadian candies for English children."

"Well," concluded the sergeant, "it worked, and last week crate arrived addressed to me at our camp, with the label Candies from Canada." We opened it, and there were the

packets of sweets, with a card, *A present from the Havilland workers at Toronto.* We took them at once to the little town near by and handed them out to all the children we saw. My! they went like hot cakes! But, just when we'd got nearly to the bottom of the crate, the corporal said to me, "But what about all those young lads at the King's school?"

"We'd forgotten them," apologised the sergeant to the headmaster, "and this one package is all we've got left."

He opened the study door and said, "Bring it in, corporal"; and in came the corporal with a big parcel containing 250 small packets of boiled sweets, carefully wrapped in Cellophane.

"Not quite enough to go round," the sergeant thought, "but next time I'll bring some more."

Then the astonished headmaster smiled and thanked the sergeant and the corporal as well as he could for one more kindly thought across the sea. It is all in the spirit of the flag.

About 250 of the younger boys up to 10 or 11 went to the tuck shop that week to get his little package of the sweets that Canadian munition workers subscribed for, and convoyed ships' crews risked their lives while bringing. Little doubt they will share them; little doubt the candies will be remembered long after they have gone.

A Temple of Youth in Ruin

ONE of the saddest of all the ruins in London is the interior of Ir Edward Maufe's fine Club-land Church in Camberwell, the centre of one of the noblest works being done for poor London boys.

We are reminded that the drawings for this inspired Temple of Youth were hung in the Royal Academy at the time as an example of a Garden of God built in place of a slum, and we are interested now to see that the influence of having a noble building as their social centre has had its effect on some of the amberwell boys.

John Blatchley has been awarded a Bronze Medal at the

Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, and in this year's Academy hangs a painting by Andy Burton, whose picture of Clubland as it was is one of the treasured possessions of Mr Butterworth, the Head of Clubland's little world.

We are sorry to learn that Clubland's funds have run out for its evacuation centres, and that after equipping one mansion they had to give it up because they could not pay the rent. The Marquis of Cholmondeley has lent a country house rent free for Clubland's lads who are in need of a change from sleeping on the floor or fire-watching on the roof.

No More Secret Remedies

SECRET remedies are to be abolished by a Bill just introduced into Parliament by the Ministry of Health. It is a reform for which the C.N. has often pleaded, and the spread of public advertising makes it more necessary than ever before.

Many people imagine that what is called a "patent medicine" embodies a valuable secret remedy for a certain disease, and that the Government, recognising the value of the secret, grants a licence to the proprietor to sell it.

This very wide-spread idea was established by the levying of a stamp duty on each bottle or box of the secret remedy, by virtue of which an official stamp as fixed to the package. In reality this stamp merely signified that the seller had paid the

medicine duty; the stamp expressed no government guarantee or recognition.

Now the misleading stamp is to go. More important still, the medicine seller will have to state plainly the composition of the fluid, pills, or powders. Thus, if the pills are merely aloes and soap, the label must say so, and it will no longer be possible to declare to the public that they are a marvellous secret.

In the case of some serious diseases the sale of remedies supposed to cure or mitigate them is prohibited altogether. The list includes nine diseases which are so serious that it is nothing less than wicked to permit quacks to advertise supposed remedies for them, and we should like to see the list made longer.

WHERE EARTH & HEAVEN MEET

THE love of God, that dwarfs all human passion,
Brighten the chequered path that we must tread,
And give us faith to breast in fearless fashion
The hills that lie ahead.

The light of God, that shines beyond our vision,
Smooth every wrinkle on earth's furrowed face,
And turn our fleeting darkness to derision
In every secret place.

The peace of God, that passes understanding,
Calm every troubled sea beneath our feet,
And, in the distance, grant a quiet landing,
Where earth and Heaven meet.
Lord Vansittart

The Man Unshaken

THE man tenacious of his purpose in a righteous cause is not shaken from his firm resolve by the frenzy of his fellow citizens bidding what is wrong, not by the face of threatening tyrant, not by Auster, stormy master of the restless Adriatic, not by the mighty hand of thundering Jove. Were the vault of heaven to break and fall upon him its ruins would smite him undismayed. Horace

THE SCHOOLMASTER

LONG time his pulse hath ceased to beat,
But benefits, his gift, we trace,
Expressed in every eye we meet
Round this dear vale, his native place.

To stately hall and cottage rude
Flowed from his life what still they hold,
Light pleasures, every day, renewed;
And blessings half a century old.

Oh true of heart, of spirit gay,
Thy faults, where not already gone
From memory, prolong their stay
For charity's sweet sake alone.

Such solace find we for our loss;
And what beyond this thought we crave
Comes in the promise from the Cross,
Shining upon thy happy grave.
Wordsworth

The Sevenfold Reward

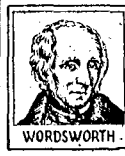
OBEY the word of Christ in its simplicity, in wholeness of purpose and serenity of sacrifice, and truly you shall receive sevenfold into your bosom in this present life and in the world to come life everlasting. All your knowledge will become to you clear and sure, all your footsteps safe, in the present brightness of domestic life you will foretaste the joy of Paradise, and to your children's children bequeath not only noble fame but endless virtue.

John Ruskin

THE CHESSBOARD

THE chessboard is the world; the pieces are the phenomena of the Universe; the rules of the game are what we call the Laws of Nature. The player on the other side is hidden from us. We know that his play is always fair, just, and patient, but also we know to our cost that he never overlooks a mistake or makes the smallest allowance for ignorance.

Professor Huxley



CARRY ON

GORGEOUS WERE THE LILIES OF FRANCE

PURE, innocent, noble-hearted girl, this was amongst the strongest pledges for thy side, that never once (no, not for a moment of weakness) didst thou revel in the vision of coronets and honour from man.

Coronets for thee? Oh, no! Honours, if they come when all is over, are for those that share thy blood. Daughter of Domremy, when the gratitude of thy king shall awaken thou wilt be sleeping the sleep of the dead. Call her, King of France, but she will not hear thee. When the thunders of universal France, as even yet may happen, shall proclaim the grandeur of the poor shepherd girl that gave up all for her country, thy ear, young shepherd girl, will have been deaf for five centuries.

To suffer and to do, that was thy portion in this life. "Life," thou saidst, "is short, and the sleep in the grave is long. Let me use that life, so transitory, for the glory of those heavenly dreams destined to comfort the sleep which is so long."

Pure from every suspicion of even a visionary self-interest, even as she was pure in senses more obvious, never once did this holy child, as regarded herself, relax from her belief in the darkness that was travelling

to meet her. She might not prefigure the very manner of her death; she saw not in vision, perhaps, the aerial altitude of the fiery scaffold; the spectators without end on every road pouring into Rouen as to a coronation; the surging smoke, the volleying flames, the hostile faces all around; the pitying eye that lurked but here and there until nature and imperishable truth broke loose from artificial restraints: these might not be apparent through the mists of the hurrying future, but the voice that called her to death, that she heard forever.

Great was the throne of France even in those days, and great was he that sat upon it; but well Joan knew that not the throne, nor he that sat upon it, was for her; but, on the contrary, that she was for them: not she by them, but they by her, should rise from the dust. Gorgeous were the lilies of France, and for centuries had the privilege to spread their beauty over land and sea, until in another century the wrath of God and man combined to wither them; but well Joan knew that the lilies of France would decorate no garland for her. Flower nor bud, bell nor blossom, would ever bloom for her. Thomas de Quincey

The Life and Light of All This Wondrous World

THOU art, O God, the life and light Of all this wondrous world we see.
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from Thee.
Where'er we turn Thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine.

When day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into heaven,
Those hues, that make the sun's decline
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are Thine.

When night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beauteous bird,
Whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes,
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord, are Thine.

When youthful spring around us breathes,
Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh,
And every flower the summer wreathes
Is born beneath that kindling eye.
Where'er we turn Thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine.
Tom Moore



Sing praise to God Who reigns above

Bible Tales From the Battlefields

2. THE PRAYER OF THE GOOD KING

Many of the stories so familiar to us come from the battlefields now in the news. This is one of them.

In those days was Hezekiah sick unto death, and the prophet Isaiah came to him, and said, Thus saith the Lord, Set thine house in order, for thou shalt die.

Then he turned his face to the wall, and prayed unto the Lord, saying, I beseech thee, O Lord, remember now how I have walked before thee in truth and with a perfect heart, and have done that which is good in thy sight. And Hezekiah wept sore.

And it came to pass that the word of the Lord came to him, saying, I have heard thy prayer, I have seen thy tears; behold, I will heal thee: on the third day thou shalt go up unto the house of the Lord. I will add unto thy days fifteen years.

At that time the son of Bala-dan, king of Babylon, sent letters and a present unto Hezekiah, for he had heard that Hezekiah had been sick; and Hezekiah hearkened unto them, and shewed them all the house of precious things, the silver, and the gold, and the spices, and the precious ointment, and all the house of his armour, and all that

was found in his treasures: there was nothing in his house, nor in all his dominion, that Hezekiah shewed them not.

Then came Isaiah unto king Hezekiah, and said, What said these men, and from whence came they unto thee? And Hezekiah said, They are come from a far country, even from Babylon. And he said, What have they seen in thine house? And Hezekiah answered, All the things that are in mine house have they seen; there is nothing among my treasures that I have not shewed them.

And Isaiah said unto Hezekiah, Hear the word of the Lord. Behold, the days come that all that is in thine house, and that which thy fathers have laid up in store unto this day, shall be carried into Babylon; nothing shall be left.

Then said Hezekiah unto Isaiah, Good is the word of the Lord. Is it not good, if peace and truth be in my days?

The rest of the acts of Hezekiah, and all his might, and how he made a pool, and a conduit, and brought water into the city, are they not written in the chronicles of the kings of Judah? Hezekiah slept with his fathers; and his son reigned in his stead.

THE FAITHFUL RECORDER OF IGHTHAM MOTE

It is good to see that the work of making microscopic films of our parish registers goes on. It was one of the causes in which Lord Stamp was greatly interested, and already over a thousand registers have been recorded in this way.

It is a stupendous business, for these registers are often difficult to read, faded with time, and the work is costly as well as hard. Stepney's registers required ten thousand exposures,

and those of the lost church of St Andrew's in Holborn fill 12,000 pages. The method by which the registers are being copied makes it possible to put four pages into the space of two inches by three, and if need be the negative can be enlarged to eight feet by six.

All these figures will be of immense interest to our friend Sir Thomas Colyer-Fergusson, who has made it his pleasure for years to copy out the parish registers of Kent. Day after day, year after year, Sir Thomas has sat at his desk in the fine library of Ightham Mote, making readable typed copies of the unreadable registers of Kent parishes in the last four centuries. It is one of the best pieces of unspectacular public service that we know, and Sir Thomas has just completed his seventieth parish.

Sir Thomas needs no trumpet, but all who love Old England's Records will join with us in saluting the Faithful Recorder of Ightham Mote.

A Swooning Plant

By a Gardener

During the intense heat, in which the foliage of great trees drooped by day, a certain big hydrangea, bearing hundreds of blooms, flagged deplorably, its leaves seeming to shrivel and its flowers to collapse as dead. Stored water, warmed by the sun, failed to effect the least revival, but day after day when conditions were at their worst a can of really cold water proved effective. The great shrub recovered completely, even during the hottest hours, like a feverish human patient responding to a cooling draught.

THE ALBATROSS IN NEED OF A FRIEND

We wonder what the Ancient Mariner would say if he knew that the bird which was the cause of his bad luck is now Visitor Number One at Chicago's Brookfield Zoo.

The Mandel Expedition of the Field Museum of Natural History not long ago brought back from the Galapagos Islands two male albatrosses, which are said to be the only living specimens of their kind in captivity.

These sea birds are remarkable for the wide expanse of their wings, sometimes as much as 15 feet. Their long feathers are yellowish white barred with black. Somewhat coarse, they are ideal for dyeing and are sold to the millinery trade in America as Japanese or Chinese pelican quills. Although it has been made illegal in the States to import the plumage of wild birds, it is unfortunately true that albatross feathers are on the market, as many Customs officials are not very good at identifying feathers.

A Barbaric Practice

The albatross breeds in islands in southern oceans, assembling in vast numbers. A little while ago bird lovers were horrified to hear that a U.S. revenue cutter had surprised some Japanese hunters on an American island in the Pacific in the act of killing off for their feathers about 25,000 albatrosses!

The customary procedure, said an official of the Audubon Society staff, is to make it easier to remove the feathers by first starving the birds, or to cut off their wings and leave the albatrosses to survive as long as may be without them. Unless this barbaric practice is stopped the albatross will soon be extinct. The Ancient Mariner's enemy is in need of a friend.

THE FRONT SEAT OF THE BUS

By a Correspondent in Canada

The big streamlined bus seemed to be full of soldiers in Kingston the other day, to judge by the noise they were making. "All aboard for Toronto," shouted the driver, but his voice could hardly be heard above the din. In the front seat a mother and father were making their little girl comfortable. She was only nine, and blind, and was going to travel alone.

Off roared the bus with the little blind girl sitting bolt upright, clutching her handkerchief in both hands. It was the first time she had been in a bus alone, and a tear ran down her cheeks. When the rowdy soldiers saw the small figure sitting so still up in the front they quietened down like magic; then a big private went and sat next to the little one and talked to her until she forgot to be frightened and homesick, and was soon laughing.

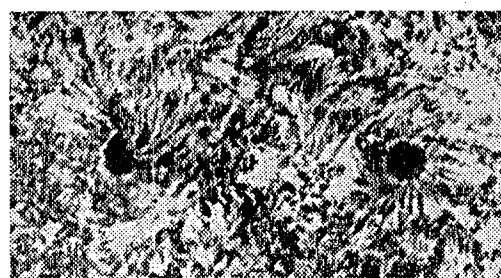
The seat next to her was never without a soldier on that long trip. The men took it in turns to keep her company, and when the bus drew into Toronto the little blind girl was weeping, for she did not want to say Goodbye to her new friends.

GROWING TRANQUILLITY OF THE SUN

Effects of His Terrific Cyclonic Storms

VENUS may be seen low in the western sky soon after sunset, writes the C.N. Astronomer, and on the evening of Saturday, July 26, the crescent Moon will appear a little way to the left. Venus sets within an hour of sunset and a clear view is needed down to near the horizon. She is still in that part of her orbit far beyond the Sun, and is at present about 130 million miles away, but she is approaching us at the rate of 430,000 miles a day, and so becoming brighter.

The Sun now presents a face generally more serene and much less decorated with "spots," so-called because they appeared thus when seen through the low-magnifying telescopes of early days.



Sun-spots, showing their cyclonic character and opposite rotation

This simple term has remained to describe what astronomers now know to be vast cyclonic vortices and whirlpools of fire and eruptive fury beyond the powers of our imagination.

These conditions reach a state of great intensity and extent periodically, attaining a maximum at intervals which average about 11 years and 2 months but actually vary between 10 and 12 years. The Sun's last experience, which was exceptionally severe and prolonged, lasted from 1937 to 1940. The upheavals have now definitely subsided, and it is most probable that the extremes of weather which the Earth has endured during that time will subside also, milder winters and more normal summers supervening for the next seven years or so, until the next solar upheaval approaches.

Let us glance at the source of all this. The Sun's normal and relatively quiescent surface is one of yellow-white incandescent clouds with a steady radiation beneath the radiant red hydrogen flames which flicker above. All is in a vast swirl in this ocean of fire with eddies and currents; but when these very violent eruptions that produce the so-called sun-spots begin the apparently tranquil surfaces

of the white clouds become stirred, acquire a rotary movement, and develop a frothy whiteness with intensified radiance; while in the centre of the disturbance there appears a deep and relatively dark vortex in rapid motion, and extending for many thousands of miles down into the Sun.

The spirally-rotating mass of flaming elements, chiefly those of metals in a state of fiery vapour, travels through the Sun, whirling and throwing off great masses of the Sun's flaming envelope, chiefly calcium and hydrogen. These masses are often far larger than our world and are flung sometimes for hundreds of thousands of miles out into space, most of them falling back again into the Sun.

All this can be seen with suitable appliances. The extent of these terrific commotions is frequently 50,000 miles across, and often these great cyclonic vortices occur in pairs, as shown in the photograph; then they rotate in reverse directions, as can be seen. From these

vast areas, which usually occur in groups, there results an intensive outpouring of electro-magnetic radiation, though there is actually a reduction of heat radiation, which we experience; but the electro-magnetic radiation produces effects of great intensity upon the compass, radio, the telegraph system, and generally upon the electric conditions of the upper atmosphere.

Cyclonic Funnels

These electro-magnetic rays are propagated somewhat differently from light. They take longer to travel or make their presence felt, and are radiated or ejected rather after the manner of a jet of water from a hose; consequently much depends upon whether our world gets in the way.

Only since 1919 has the corpuscular or bodily character of the Sun's radiation been proved, and we now have much reason to believe that the Sun's outpouring from his interior through these cyclonic sun-spot funnels is very different from that which is radiated from his more normal surface. Its effect upon the Earth would account for many periodic variations in terrestrial things, and maybe even upon humanity.

G. F. M.

A Word of Hope From a Women's Camp

Some time ago we told our readers about the Men's Internment Camps in the Isle of Man; now Margot Strauss tells us of her ten months' experiences in a women's camp. This is what she says:

For years one had taken it for granted that there were such things as solidarity, tolerance, humanity, that make life worth living, but never before had we had to live up to this belief hour by hour and day by day. My companions, after the first hours of bewilderment, just lived on as if there were no locked doors and no barbed wire, and as if this were the very life they had chosen for themselves.

Such old crafts as spinning and weaving were revived. What a thrill it was to wear a frock handspun and handwoven from wool collected from the hedges where the sheep had left it! The war seemed very remote as we stood at our windows on those lovely moonlit nights wondering how soon we should get back to the world of hard realities.

An ever-increasing group met every Sunday morning at Port Erin for worship, believing that eventually good will prevail over evil, and that the issue was the same for all—to overcome bitterness and despair by the eternal power of unfaltering love.



Home Guard

The Land That Led the World 100 Centuries Ago

EGYPT, now in the news again, has in our time been rising toward an independence that has not been hers for many generations, and with the end of the war will reach a historic completeness that all the world will welcome, for Egypt unquestionably was the first country that formed a civilisation.

EIGHTY or a hundred centuries ago at the very least Egypt was leading the world, and she held that position for thousands of years. She had an organised government and an organised religion, and she organised industry and arts long before any other region had reached an equal stage of development.

For this there was a sound natural reason. The land possessed great possibilities of permanent wealth through the cultivation of the soil, if it had abundance of water. It has had the water, and in varying degrees has learned how to use it; and from time to time it has been a wealthy land. But it has been disorganised, impoverished, and kept back by bad government and false ambitions.

Abundant Water Supply

Without the great River Nile nearly all Egypt would be a homeless desert. The country lives on the river, yet only a fourth of the river is in Egypt. Very little rain falls in Egypt itself, and what does fall comes chiefly in sudden storms. We remember arriving in Cairo during the first rain for about twenty years. Yet there is an abundant supply of water, and has been for nearly 6000 years.

About a thousand miles inland from the Egyptian coast the mountains of Abyssinia have in the summer months a copious downpour which is discharged

into the Sudan by the River Atbara in the north, the Blue Nile in the centre, and the River Sobat in the south. These three rivers join the White Nile, which has come from the great Victoria Lake in Central Africa, 1200 miles south of Khartoum, where the Blue and White Nile unite. It is the White Nile that chiefly supplies the all-the-year-round waters of the Nile, while the Abyssinian rivers chiefly flood the great river's lower course through northern Sudan and Egypt.

The Atbara is not even a continuous river, but is in parts only a sunken course with disconnected pools until the summer Abyssinian rains reach it, when it spreads to a width of 600 yards. The Blue Nile is now well dammed above Khartoum to hold up water for irrigating a fertile area of the Sudan.

This great waterway coming from afar, slowly through the marshlands of Central Africa and swiftly from the Abyssinian heights, receives no tributaries in Egypt, but cuts its way through a narrow, shallow valley and circulates its flood waters through a system of canals, gradually expanding in width till below Cairo the delta is reached and the river branches into two arms to reach the sea, making many canals. Wherever the river's flood water can reach the soil the soil becomes fertile, and extensions of cultivation

depend on the means for holding up the waters and sending them under control to fresh areas. One fertile spot, to the west of the Nile, lies partly below sea-level and is irrigated from canals fed by the river. It is called the Fayum, a word meaning lakeland. Here is a land made artificially by ingenious uses of the gift of abundant water.

The mighty river brings along rich soil in solution. Here was a place where men could settle to live prosperously, with abundance of food. Travel and transport were easy, for the Nile was navigable for six hundred miles, and the winds blow most frequently from north to south, while the river current helps from south to north. It was natural that men should congregate along this fertile strip beside the benevolent river, and that methods of living should be evolved in contrast with the wandering ways of the nomadic tribes who ranged the deserts.

A Medley of Memorials

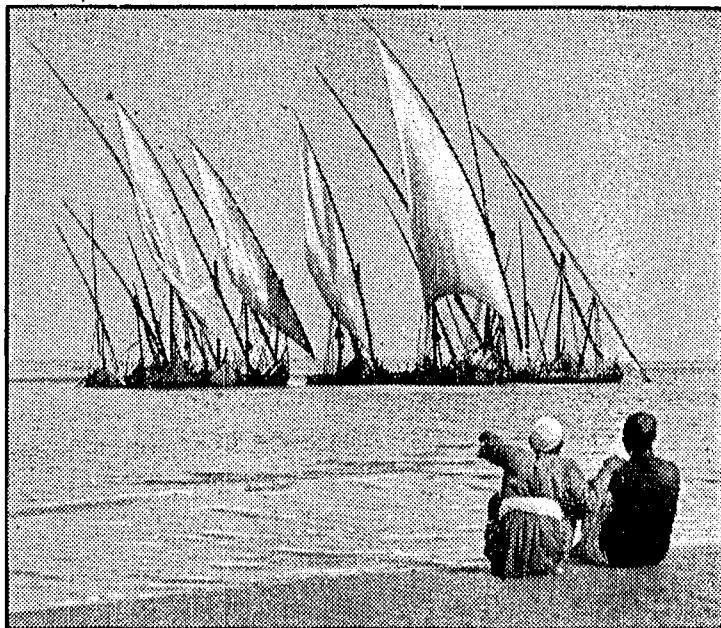
Similar effects from similar causes occurred along the courses of the Euphrates and the Tigris, but at a later period. Babylon and Nineveh, "that exceeding great city," flourished in times grown misty by distance, but Memphis and the hundred-gated Thebes were far older. Egypt led the way in the splendours of civilisation and the command of material resources by a millennium or more.

Nowhere else in the world is there such a medley of memorials of the past, small and vast, ranging through the whole span of humanity's consciousness of itself. Nowhere else are there such massive evidences of men's labours to defy time and uphold a spiritual ideal. There is nothing to be found in the world comparable with the pyramids.

Yet ancient Egypt has not left any consecutive history which enables the passing of time to be calculated with confidence, and it remains a land of tantalising mystery. Dynasty succeeded dynasty down to the thirty-first in the Persian period, preceding the absorption of the country by Alexander and the Ptolemys. It is not till we reach the Eighteenth Dynasty, about 1600 B.C., that the students of Egyptian history agree in their chronology. What is certain is that the histories of Greece and Rome are modern compared with the Babylonian, and still more with Egyptian civilisation.

The Spiritual Idea

The civilisation of Egypt was lamentably imperfect in many ways, as every past stage of civilisation has been, and as our civilisation will appear to be to our descendants, but Egypt had come within the zone of civilisation. So much was this so that it even gave to the human race one of its most vital and



Native boats on the Nile

exalted conceptions and faiths. It conceived the immortality of the soul.

It is this spiritual idea and the curious way in which it found expression that have kept the eyes of the world romantically on Egypt in modern times, when the desire for knowledge of human origins has been growing strong.

The massive pyramids and fine temples of Egypt stand out palpable and challenging. Obviously they are very old. What do they signify? For six or seven thousand years they were enshrouded in mystery. They are inscribed with hieroglyphics which a couple of centuries ago no one could read. It was known of course that they were stupendous monuments to ancient kings, but the ideas that caused them to be built with such intensity of labour were not fathomed. They appeared to be monstrous monuments of human vanity. Monarchs, whose mere names were now uncertain had apparently been determined that they should never be forgotten.

Now we know that their origin was not so simple as that. It was not a craving for everlasting fame that caused these kings of long ago to be buried under massive pyramids or in the heart of deeply hewn rocks.

The Lower World

Today men ask, "If a man die shall he live again?" but these Egyptian kings had no doubt. They were quite sure they would live on. They were taught by their priests exactly how their emancipated soul could make its journey from the life in the body in this world, through an adventurous and tortuous lower world, and would at last, after long wandering, emerge into another, brighter world. Their elaborate secret methods of burial in places that were supposed to be beyond human reach were designed to facilitate that lonely passage.

The religion evolved by that earliest of civilisations was based on symbols from Nature—the sun and the moon, stars and animals and birds, the hawk, the bull, the lion, the serpent, the scorpion, the cat, all that had or seemed to have life; all had soul, and soul was capable of transmigration. There were also perilous possibilities.

From Nature they took also their conception of the journey of the human soul. They likened

it to the journey of the most powerful deity, the sun. It dawned in comparative feebleness. It grew into noonday strength and glory. It declined into comparative feebleness, not without mystery. It disappeared into darkness, and there was some sense of uneasiness in its long absence. But it came again for another life, and so it was, they thought, with man's soul. *But what might not be happening during its disappearance in the darkness?*

Wisdom on the Walls

The priesthood had mapped it out. They professed to know the dangers, and had advice to give in various contingencies. This wisdom for the way was inscribed on the walls of the tomb. Also the place was furnished with sustaining comforts and things of beauty in order that their spirits might companion the human soul. Then the tomb was blocked up against all intrusion, invincibly it was hoped, for the passage through to the farther light was supposed to be long. Alas that it should be a rare thing to find one of these richly furnished ancient tombs unpillaged, and that the embalmed bodies, after thousands of years, may be on show in the museum of some alien nation!

Egyptian history goes back far beyond the pyramids, thousands of years beyond. That period, with its fine achievements in art and industry, was far on in a long process of evolution. Since then Egypt has had a chequered history. Tied down to the narrow strip of the Nile valley on which, because of its fertility, her prosperity wholly depends, she has no mobility.

British Guardianship

With little harbourage on her coast she has never attained a sea-going commerce of her own, and has no hope of expansion. Her attempts in that direction have always led to disaster. She can only sit still and develop the resources of her own clearly defined estate, and as she is placed on one of the world's great ocean highways she is subject to ambitions of greater and more mobile nations. Never has she had such prosperity and safety as since she had the co-operation and guardianship of the British people, and we may hope to see this long continued when the dangers of these days are past.

BEDTIME CORNER

The Big Fish

TUPPER—his real name was Thomas—was not at all pleased when he was told to wash his hands and face and change into a clean suit.

It was a very hot day, and if people chose to come to tea and expect him to dress up it didn't seem fair.

Just before the visitors arrived Tupper wandered down to the pond at the bottom of the garden and stood looking at the goldfish swimming round and round. Among them was one he was specially interested in, a real beauty.

He bent down to have a good look at him. But the fish swam away to the other side, and as his eyes followed him Tupper noticed a small, shining object under the water.

"Well, I never!" he exclaimed. "That's my knife. It must have fallen out of this silly old pocket!"

He stooped down and put out his hand. But the knife was out of his reach. There was only one thing to be done. With one hand on the edge of the pond to steady himself, he put out a foot and stepped in.

He got his precious knife, but in scrambling out again he slipped, and the next moment he was up to his knees in the water.

He was in a mess! Daddy heard his cries and in no



time had him out. They ran all the way to the house, where Cook rubbed him dry and helped him into fresh clothes.

"Oh, what a nice clean boy!" smiled Mummy, when he went in to tea. And then she said, "What was all that commotion I heard in the garden just now?"

"It was a big fish flopping about in the pond," answered Daddy, with a sly wink at Tupper. "Pass the cake, please."



In this picture are shown some examples of scientific principles in everyday life. Reading from left to right they are:

Conduction (lightning conductor), unstable equilibrium (bicycling mishap), slow combustion (anthracite stove), lever of third

order (tongs), ebullition (boiling kettle), gravitation (water and tap), capillarity (sponge soaking up water), lever of first

order (seesaw), elasticity (bouncing ball), lever of second order (a door), incandescence (gas mantle), evaporation (drying clothes),

crystallisation (frost on a pane), inclined plane (a chopper), air-pressure (a windmill), pulley (on clothes-line).

MISTAKEN IDENTITY?

SEEING a brightly-coloured bird perched on the fence at the end of the garden, the little Cockney evacuee tried to catch it. "What do you want?" demanded the bird, a parrot. "Er—I beg your pardon, sir," stammered the boy. "I thought you were a bird."

JACK AND JILL UP-TO-DATE

NOR over Alpine snow and ice, But homely English ground, Excelsior was their device, But sad the fate they found. They were not onward lured by fame, They followed duty's call; They were united in their aim, Divided in their fall.

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening the planet Venus is low in the west; and in the morning Mars is in the south and Mercury, Saturn, and Jupiter are low in the east. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen at 9 o'clock on Sunday evening, July 27.



What Is It?

FIRST a semi-circle make, Add to this another Figure of two little lines Meeting with each other; Then a perfect circle form, Truly neat, compactly; Add another form to these, Like the first exactly; Then, to make it all complete, Form a kind of angle With a straight line that should meet In a kind of tangle. When you this have rightly done—'Tis the truth I'm telling—You will get an article Useful in a dwelling. Should you this decapitate, You may have another Article, which, in its place, Is useful as the other.

Answer next week

Like a Whale

After the birth of a former prince a famous wit of the time wrote these lines:

THE first of all the royal infant males Justly takes title as the Prince of Wales; Because 'tis clear to seaman and to lubber Babies and whales are both inclined to blubber.

Do You Live at Merthyr Tydfil?

MERTHYR TYDFIL has an interesting origin. Its name means "the martyr of Tydfil." Tydfil was the daughter of Brychan, and she was put to death by pagans at the spot where the town now stands. Brychan gave his name to the county and town of Brecon.

CATCHING HIMSELF UP

THERE was a man from Yankee-land Who round a chestnut tree Did run so fast that it is said His own back he could see.

How Old Are They?

PEGGY's father said to her the other day: I was twice as old as you are The day that you were born; You will be just what I was then When fourteen years are gone. How old are Peggy and her father now? Answer next week

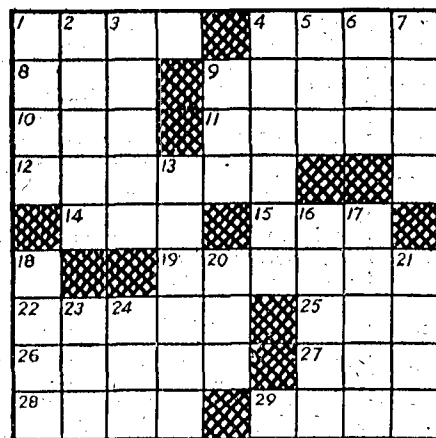
Curious Sentence

HERE is a curious sentence. It is not ancient Mexican, but modern English. Can you read it? I N X I N X I N

Twelve Different Ways of Saying the Same Thing

1. The weary ploughman plods his homeward way.
2. The weary ploughman homeward plods his way.
3. The ploughman, weary, plods his homeward way.
4. The ploughman, weary, homeward plods his way.
5. Weary, the ploughman plods his homeward way.
6. Weary, the ploughman homeward plods his way.
7. Weary, the homeward ploughman plods his way.
8. Homeward the ploughman plods his weary way.
9. Homeward the ploughman, weary, plods his way.
10. Homeward the weary ploughman plods his way.
11. The homeward ploughman, weary, plods his way.
12. The homeward ploughman plods his weary way.

Half-Hour Cross Word



Asterisks indicate abbreviations. Answer next week

Reading Across. 1 A poet and singer. 4 This supports a ship's rigging. 8 To regret. 9 To drip fat on roasting meat. 10 The unit of French square measure. 11 A quivering poplar. 12 A ship's lifeboat is suspended from these. 14 Guided. 15 Organ of hearing. 19 Less difficult. 22 A wanderer. 25 To gain knowledge by artifice. 26 Iridescent precious stones. 27 The constellation of the Lion. 28 These measures differ for wheat, wool, and cheese. 29 The skin of an animal, complete with fur.

Reading Down. 1 A kind of nail. 2 Relating to the ear. 3 A bailiff. 4 The great body of the people. 5 A viper. 6 French woman saint. 7 A canvas dwelling. 9 The cricketer should play this straight. 13 Standards of perfection. 16 A lateral division of a church. 17 To force to return. 18 Winter's carpet. 20 Advertisements. 21 A Hindu peasant. 23 To open (poetic). 24 The merry month.

Tongue Twister

CAPTAIN CRACKSKULL cracked a catchpoll's cockscomb. Did Captain Crackskull crack a catchpoll's cockscomb? If Captain Crackskull cracked a catchpoll's cockscomb, Where's the catchpoll's cockscomb? Captain Crackskull cracked?

Discipline

THERE was a young teacher of Troyes, Who started a school for bad boys; She slapped them and caned them Until she had tamed them, Then sent them back howling to Troyes.

MARKING TIME

THE new recruit was having his first drill. "Mark time!" roared the sergeant. "With my feet, sergeant?" queried the innocent one. "Did you ever see anything mark time with its hands?" "Yes, sergeant; clocks do."

BO!

A MAN was rating another for his alleged stupidity, and shouted: "Why, you could not even say 'Bo' to a goose!" "Bo!" replied the other.

Jacko is Too Curious



THE Jacko Family were off for a little holiday, and Father Jacko thought it would be nice to go by steamer. It was, very nice. Nobody enjoyed it more than Jacko, who darted off to examine a big ventilator that puzzled him. He leaned into it so far that he lost his balance, and fell! Luckily a jolly sailor was on the spot to haul him back before any harm was done.

How Dr Grace Wrote His Name

THE greatest character in cricket history was undoubtedly Dr W. G. Grace, who was born at Downend, Gloucestershire, in 1848,

W. G. Grace

and died in 1915. He began to play in first-class matches in 1863 and continued to do so till 1900. He scored altogether over 51,000 runs and took over 2800 wickets.

Hint

MANY stains on materials can be removed if the following hint is adopted at the earliest possible moment. Stretch the material rather tightly over a bowl and then from a considerable height pour hot water on to the stain. The force of the water will drive the staining substance right through the fabric, and this simple plan often succeeds where other methods fail.

Optimist

LET the howlers howl, and the growlers growl, and the prowlers prow, and the gee-gaws go it; Behind the night there is plenty of light, and things are all right, and—I know it.

Ici on Parle Français

The Wise Man

24. Quiconque entend ces paroles que je dis, et les met en pratique, sera semblable à un homme prudent qui a bâti sa maison sur le roc.

25. La pluie est tombée, les torrents sont venus, les vents ont soufflé et se sont jetés contre cette maison; elle n'est point tombée, parce qu'elle était fondée sur le roc.

From Matthew VII

COUNTRY "OUTINGS"

for mothers, children, and aged men and women from this air-raid-stricken district are a great boon. We provide them: PLEASE HELP US. R.S.V.P. to the REV. PERCY INESON.

EAST END MISSION

Bromley Street, Commercial Road, Stepney, E.1.

What We Are Made Of and What We Should Eat

Boy. Will you forgive me if I ask you a question which I do not mean to be funny? What are we made of?

Man. That is a very serious question. Actually we are made mainly of four elements, three of which are the gases known as Oxygen, Hydrogen, and Nitrogen. The fourth is Carbon, one of the chief non-metallic elements, the nature of which is one of the chief studies of the chemist. It makes up no small part of our globe. These elements are combined in endless forms, the most familiar being water, a combination of oxygen and hydrogen. All living things are largely composed of water, which is the same thing as saying that they are largely composed of gases.

Boy. How much water is there in me?

Man. A remarkable proportion! As nearly as possible two-thirds.

Boy. Is that why I get thirsty in hot weather?

Man. Yes, as soon as the body is subjected to more heat than is good for it, glands of the skin pour out sweat (mainly water) which cools the blood. This loss of water causes the sensation of thirst.

Boy. Is water a food?

Man. Certainly, and it is necessary to enable us to absorb all other foods. In the ordinary way we get about half the water we need by eating foods derived from vegetation and animals, all of which are made chiefly of water; the rest we gain by drinking. At least four pints of water should be taken every day, either as the pure fluid or made into beverages. Many people do not drink enough.

Boy. What, apart from water, are the chief sorts of foods—things that we must have?

Man. If you looked into a science book written fifty years

ago you would find them described as protein (nitrogenous foods, such as bread and meat, without which flesh cannot be formed); carbohydrates (composed of carbon, oxygen, and hydrogen) such as starches and sugars; and fats, also composed of carbon, oxygen, and hydrogen. Sugars, starches, and fats all serve as fuels or energy producers, but they cannot build up body tissue because they lack nitrogen. It was also known that the body needed small quantities of mineral salts to give it iron for the blood, lime for the bones, and so on. But it was not until quite recent years that a further important discovery was made—the existence of certain food substances known as vitamins, which protect the body from disease. They are as minute in quantity as they are important in function. A child deprived of a certain vitamin will suffer from rickets, for instance.

Boy. How are we to know what foods to eat?

Man. In their natural state animals instinctively eat what is good for them, but for us the case is more difficult, for we are tempted to eat by cookery and flavouring and colour, and have lost nearly all natural instinct. It is not possible for me to guide you thoroughly in a short talk, but generally it is true that a simple variety of foods not over-dressed, and including wholemeal bread, potatoes, milk, butter, cheese, meat, and fish, with vegetable and fruit galore, preferably raw (and not forgetting the four pints of water) gives us all we need. In war our choice is limited, and that is why the Government should, above all, see that we get a thoroughly well-made loaf, not robbed of vital elements, and should make use of it, too, and not merely ask us if we mind eating it.